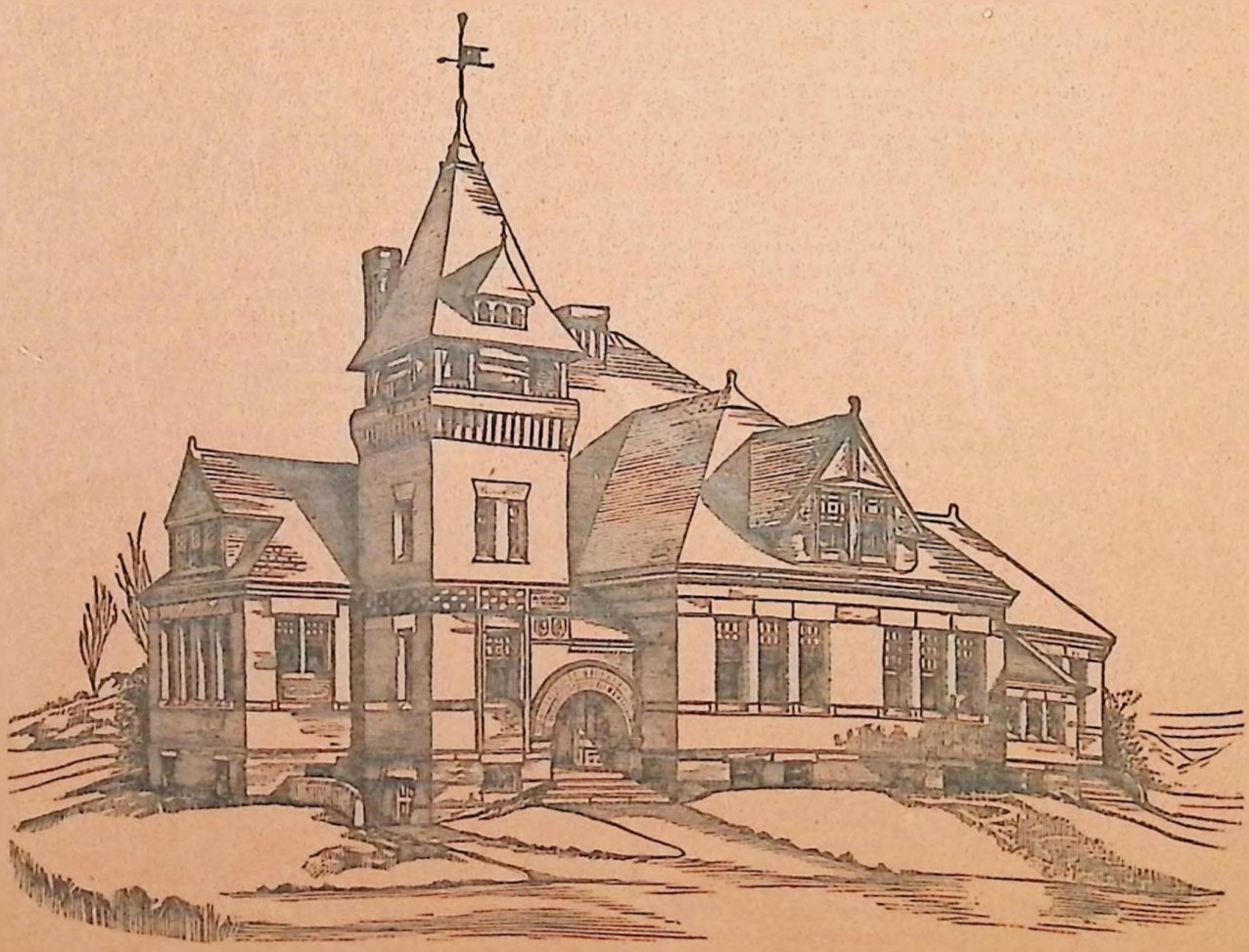
The Tripod.

VOL. IV. THORNTON ACADEMY, SACO, ME., JANUARY, 1891. NO. 3.



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The Tripod.

VOL. IV. THORNTON ACADEMY, SACO, ME., JANUARY, 1891. NO. 3.

The Tripod.

THORNTON ACADEMY.

A LITERARY MONTHLY PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

Entered as second class mail matter at the post office in Saco, Maine.

Editors-in-Chief:

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Further information furnished by Business Manager upon application.

Editorials.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all.

The Cadets, and the girls of the school who last year gave the reception to the T. A. C., have received invitations to attend a reception given Xmas eve by the Biddeford High School girl Cadets of last year. The invitations in white and gold are very pretty. The B. H. S. girls are well known to be excellent entertainers and a very pleasant evening is anticipated.

Next term the girls as well as the boys will be obliged to declaim. That is as it should be. Our girls as well as our boys should be prepared to speak before an audience in a thoroughly self-possessed manner.

The Cadets have appeared in their new suits at last. We are well pleased with their looks. The remark of one of the young ladies "There's nothing like these Cadet suits to bring out the boys' beauty" is perhaps the unexpressed thought of all.

Any student wishing to read the exchanges will find them in desk No. 30. Many of our exchanges are very interesting and are worth reading, if the students can spare the time from their lessons. When you have read the exchanges, please remember to return them to the desk from which you took them.

We would like to receive more contributions from the school. It is strange that from a school of one hundred and twenty-four students we have difficulty in filling a small paper of eight pages. Students, we need the help of each one of you. Some have responded quickly and willingly to our call for contributions but we have had to ask them individually. Please do not oblige us to ask each student separately but let this be sufficient. To the resolutions which you always make on New Year's Day add, "I will write something for the Tripod this year." Carry out this resolution and we shall soon find an improvement in our paper. Having so few contributions, we cannot make any choice, while if we had more matter than needed to fill the paper, we could select only the best for publishing.

In answer to the question, "What is the office of the skin?" Miss Deering, '92, says "It is an organ of hearing."

The Tripod's Christmas Gift.

The wind blew hard and the snow drifted high,
All through the long dark night;
But bright and fair dawned the Christmas day,
And clothed the earth with light.

The children awoke at peep of day,
To see if Santa had made
His regular visit, and if in the toe
Of their stockings a present was laid.

Not one little heart disappointment felt,
For way down in each little toe,
Was a tiny doll, or a top to spin,
Or perhaps a ball to throw.

But away in one corner, O wonderful sight!
Was a pile of manuscripts tall,
Of stories, and poems, and items that reached
From the floor to the top of the wall.

When this they had spied all else was forgot,
And they cried, in the greatest delight,
"All this for our Tripod, O can it be true!
Oh! welcome, welcome sight!"

And the very next number was full to the brim,
Of all sorts of funny things; [their eyes,
And the children thanked Santa, with tears in
For all the nice presents he brings.

But you ask, "Why to the Tripod does this belong?"
Why, these children chanced to be,
Of that poor little paper not near its end,
The managing editors three.

G. M. L., '03.

Class Parts.

(As assigned by a Junior.)

Salutatory, Chas. A. Stacy
Oration, "Influence of the Lott(er)y," Fred A. Lord
Essay, "Joys and Sorrows of a Photographer's Life," Ellen K. Chase
Essay, "Criticism on Modern French Poetry," Alice G. Milliken
Oration, "Agriculture as a Fine Art," John P. Deering
DEBATE, "Did Shakespeare write Shakespeare?"
Affirmative, Esther D. Haley
Negative, Frank L. Winch
Essay, "The Development of Ecclesiastical Jurisprudence since 1680," Bertha M. Sawyer
Essay, "Cats and Dogs—their Antagonistic Features Illustrated and Defined," Mary E. Foss
Essay, "The Pleasures and Advantages of Chemistry," Etta B. Hill
History, Chas. A. Stacy
Prophecies, Chas. A. Stacy
Valedictory, "Patriotism in our Schools," Chas. A. Stacy
Ode, Male Quartet of '01
CLASS MOTTO, "Vacuus carrus strepitum plurimum facit."

"The Thorntons."

The young ladies of the school have recently formed a reading club called "The Thorntons." It is their object to become thoroughly acquainted with the standard works of a few of the best English and American authors. "The Sketch-Book" by Washington Irving is being read now. Every young lady of the school, who will sign the by-laws, is cordially invited to join the society. A half-hour meeting is held every day except Friday, after the school session.

Exchanges.

One of our exchanges is the *High School Aegis* from Oakland, California. It is an interesting paper, and this issue contains some good articles.

The *Cadet*, a college paper from Denver, is gotten up in excellent style. It is good reading for anyone, but would be especially enjoyed by those who are interested in military affairs.

We welcome the *Racquet*, Portland, as one of our best exchanges.

The *Alphian* has just reached us. We wish this paper success.

The Thanksgiving number of the *Monthly Midget* comes promptly from Toledo. It is a bright, newsy paper.

The November number of *The Critic* sustains its enviable reputation.

The Lever, Colorado Springs, is one of our most interesting exchanges.

Judging from the number of "ads." in *The High School Herald*, it is appreciated by the business men of the place.

The High Scool Echo, Manchester, comes to us laden with good things both in verse and prose.

We are glad to receive *The High School Orb*, from Minneapolis. Come again.

Beside the above we have received the following:

The Graphic, Athol, Mass.
The Webster Journal, Grove City, Pa.
High School Journal, Brunswick, Me.
The Science, West Brattleboro, Vt.
The Times, Haverhill, Mass.

The Old Saco Post Office.

Now to vacate the Saco post office.
Because it is worthless in gold;
To me seems really like turning
Your back on your mother when old.

How oft in the past when aweary,
For the mail we lingered awhile;
Then came through the window a message,
That sent us away with a smile.

When Nature was looking her sternest,
And the thunder came with a crash,
Like a forty cent globe store umbrella,
It gave shelter till the storm passed.

Though it sadly needs to be painted,
And one side is slightly cramped in,
Yet hundreds will now call it blessed,
For what they've received from within.

Alas! We're a city of boomers,
Ere this, the old office has gone,
Uncle Sam, should you not build another,
And give letter carriers ere long?

Uncle, please respond to

—Lewis S. Hill.

Something.

Sammy Smith sat studying, sighing steadily, struggling stoutly with several subtraction sums. Suddenly Sam stopped. "So silly" soliloquized Sammy, scowling sulkily, "such sums seem scarcely sensible." So Sam, seemingly seeing scoldings from school-ma'am silently sneaked to studious Simon's seat, slyly seized Simon's sums; swiftly scribbling, substituted "Sammy Smith" for "Simon Sands." "Such a splendid skin," snickered Sam, sidling softly to stern school-ma'am. Such strategy sometimes satisfies some sinful scholars!

"So soon?" said school-ma'am sharply, scenting some scheme; somewhat surprised at stupid Sam's sudden smartness.

"S-certainly" stammered Sam then, suddenly stricken speechless stared stonily skyward.

"Seems sort of strange" said she suspiciously, slowly scrutinizing Sam's sum. Seeing sums satisfactory she said severely: "Sufficient." So Sam snatching sled swiftly started sliding.

Seeing Sam, sister Susie said she should slide on Sam's sled. Sam selfishly said Sue should slide second. Sam started safely, soon Susie saw Sam sitting in soft slush screeching so he scared Susie.

"Sam seems sorry" she said sweetly. Soon Sue's shrill soprano screamed scornfully to Sam. "So Sam's stuck in the soup." Shame! Shame!

She said *she'd* show Sammy some stupendous sliding.

Sam, shrugging shoulders, stood staring at Sister Susie. She, scarcely steering straight, soon struck some stones, sending Susie skyward, seeing several stars.

"Splendid! Splendid! Simply superb sliding!" shouted saintly Sam soothingly, seeing Sue's scars and scratches.

"Shut-up!" shrieked Susie sniveling. Seven successive slides sickened Sue. Shivering she stamped her shrunken, snow-soaked shoes. Spitefully straightening shawl, she sought shelter. Soon soft sofa sustained Sue's small self. Silently she submitted to seven small-sized spoonfulls Swift's Specific, solemnly she supped sweet sticky squills, sputtering swallowed Sanford's Soothing Syrup. She soon sank into sweet slumber.

Shrewd school-ma'am surveying sums, soon saw Sam's shallow scheme. She straight-way sought Smith's. Strict Mrs. Smith sadly shocked, soon saw Sam's significant signature on Simon's sums. She scarcely sanctioning such scandalous scenes, said "she'd settle Sam." School-ma'am sympathizingly suggested severe spankings.

Sometime subsequently, solitary Sam stepping staggeringly sauntered slowly up street, stiff, sore, subdued. Mrs. Smith seized Sam. Such a scene! Sam sobbed, shrieked, squirmed, shuddered. Slash! Slash! snapped the slapping shingle. "Stop! Stop!" shouted Sam. Mrs. Smith smiled sarcastically. "Simpleton," she said sneeringly, "such sport shall soon stop!"

* * * * *

Mrs. Smith still scolds, school-ma'am still sputters, still Sam's sinfulness stays. Sam sustaining several scars, still survives, still slides, still sneaks.

—Somebody.

Sawyer's latest in French is "calf" for "café."

A Disaster.

One morning when the air was chill,
And clouds betokened snow,
Miss Lulu, wrapped in cloak and shawl,
Did toward the school house go.
And when she'd walked a little way,
The frigid atmosphere
Most woefully her limbs congealed,
And filled her soul with fear.
She thought she ne'er would live to reach
The Thornton's welcome door,
Unless her circulation, she
Did somehow quicken more,
And so she broke into a run,
With pace 2.49.
Along the street, and up the walk
Of gradual incline.
She reached the door. O welcome sight!
With shout she flung it wide,
In haste to reach the boiler room,
Whatever might betide.
An in her haste she clean forgot
The flight of steps below,
And only thought to gain the place
Where furnace fires glow,
When, Gods and little fishes!
She gives a mighty leap,
And lo! at bottom of the stairs,
Lies a dejected heap.
A little heap of Lulu,
Of books, and cloak, and shawl,
Of rubbers, hat and mittens,
And book-bag, that is all.

—O. N. E.

Pods.

Bon Noël.

It is as good as a circus to hear Deering '91, rattle off "Un petit poème" in the French class.

Teacher: "What effect do colors that do not blend have on artists?" Miss M., '92: "It makes them sick."

"What is the result of man having his choice of clothes?" "Sometimes he looks good and sometimes he don't," says Miss Deering, '92.

Hill, '92, "They banished the King and then he didn't reign any more." A case of what one of our bright seniors calls "Highperbowl" (Hyperbole.)

George Bean, '92, took a "toboggan slide" in the Physical geography class the other day. We understand that he was asleep, so he has some excuse for his mistake.

Does it pay, Floyd, to tip the seat "just a little bit?"

Floyd, '92, is so used to staying after school, that he stays even when he isn't asked.

Floyd, '92, very graphically describes the appendix vermiformis as "the end of something."

Place, '92, attempted to illustrate the law of inertia, that when the toboggan stops his body keeps on.

Our principal forgot to eat his dinner the other day. You know what he says about people who are absent-minded.

Another new word coined—oldness. Miss Haley is the author and the word is copyrighted. The T. A. students should get up a dictionary full of their own words.

We were listening to the teacher
As she asked us questions long—
All about the Lisbon earthquake,—
When was it and why so strong?
"And the people?" asked the teacher.
Answered one boy, wit renowned,
"Some were buried 'neath the ruins,
Some escaped by being drowned."

"O, for a lodge in some vast wilderness?" sigh the surrounding scholars when Sawyer and F. Bean, '92, begin to whisper (?) down on the front seat.

Teacher: "Of the red and white corpuscles which have the power of migration?" Sawyer, '92: "White." Teacher: "What do they sometimes do?" Sawyer: "Migrate."

Shannon, '94, persists in talking about the "determinations" of adjectives. It does seem, to the Latin class, at least, that some adjectives are determined not to be declined,

The class in Anabasis is struggling in the Slough of Despond. They are forbidden the customary privilege of whispering "down front"—because they have such excellent lessons the principal thinks it a waste of time.

Master Floyd electrified the physiology class by informing them that the pressure of the atmosphere on a single man was five thousand tons. It would not be remarkable if that man should exclaim with the French class: "Ah, quel charge! Je suis ecrasé."

Beatty removes quotation marks in Algebra.

Lord illustrated a point, by the use of the way in which the criminals of Almira *conservatory* are treated.

The question is: "How old was Tiglath Pileser I?" Whitehead, '94, says he reigned two hundred years.

Miss Goodwin, '92, guesses that a tornado travels from twenty-four to twenty-five miles a day. Nothing slow about that.

Oh! unhappy student, who at three o'clock still remains at school studying. But remember everything is fair now, at school as well as at the hall.

Miss Burn——, '92, and Master Cal——, '92, are very expert in guessing and the class in book-keeping enjoyed the delicious repast of *rats and chestnuts.*

Fred Bean, '92, remarks in speaking of Dr. Koch's cure, "They'll git so bimeby that they'll cure everything so nobody won't die." A fine specimen of Bean's rhetorical powers.

A student was naming the officers in the Roman government, consulship, tribuneship, praetorship, etc. He had given all he could remember, but one boy added "steamship."

Beatty, '94, said in the Ancient History class that Deborah was a she hero. The teacher passed the question to Deering, who, not to be outdone, said the she (Deborah) was a herring.

Absent mindedness is becoming quite prevalent in the school. Even Miss Sawyer, '91, has caught the habit of forgetting all mortals, except one. The matter should be looked into.

Wanted: a well educated and dignified young lady to undertake the hard task of teaching Mills, '92, a word to use in the place of his good old-fashioned "aint." A good salary is offered and the young lady will gain the respect of all the class in physical geography.

Miss Hill, '91, astonished the literature class by answering to the teacher's call upon her to recite, with "I'm a sinner." For a moment consternation filled every heart, then their senses returned, and the class found that they were reading Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar" and that Miss Hill was Cinna.

A Dream.

One night as I was sleeping,
I had a little dream,
Which convinced me of the adage
That things are not what they seem.

Oh! how often I had wished,
That a teacher I could be,
And hear the boys and girls recite
Their lessons before me.

By the mysteries of dreamland,
(What conundrums are its laws!)
I thought I had gained my wish,
And that I a teacher was.

It was in a country school house,
Without ante-rooms or halls.
Where the sole attempt at frescoing
Was the spit-balls on its walls.

I sat behind a wooden desk,
On a platform made of spruce,
With full forty imps before me
Acting like the very deuce.

What a noise the scholars made!
'Twas one continual clatter,
Though when I asked about it,
No one knew what was the matter.

Pencils dropped and ink-stands rattled;
All disturbances were there,
And very soon my head was aching
From the music (?) in the air.

Feet were scuffed, and spit-balls flew
When they knew I couldn't see.
Do you ask how I know it, then?
Well, full half of them hit me.

And the lessons, too, were tedious,
No one seemed to know the place,
To endure which, I am thinking,
Teachers need unbounded grace.

Just as I my stick had lifted,
To descend upon a boy,
Lo! the spell broke, and I awakened,
To my everlasting joy.

Happy as I was at 'waking,
I could not suppress a tear,
To think I had not hit that youngster
Whom I then held by the ear.

Ever since that dreadful vision,
On my lips a prayer there seems,
That, whatelse may be believed in
Nothing be attached to dreams.

—C. S. '92.

Will the readers of the TRIPOD, before buying, consult its advertising columns.

Bowdoin Notes.

A small detachment of the T. A. Cadets gave an exhibition drill for the benefit of the Sophs. recently at 11.30 P. M. McArthur, '93, took upon himself the command of the squad. It is not necessary to state that they won credit (?) for the company and themselves.

We hope to see Deering, T. A. '91, down here next fall.

Saco has already won the esteem of the President and faculty through the merits of her representatives and we need just such men as Deering to fill the places of those going out.

A. Dyer '91, Milliken '93, Bryant '94 and Littlefield '94 are at present on the roll.

The exercises in the gymnasium began last week. This work is carried on under the instruction of Prof. Whittier and is a very important feature of the college. Each student on entering college is examined and his heart, lungs and muscles are tested. From these measurements and tests taken, the exact condition of the student is known and the director gives work in accordance with each man's strength. Each student is required to do ½ hour's work each day.

Boxing, fencing, rowing, climbing, wrestling and tumbling are also taught to those desiring it.

—HARRY E. BRYANT, Ed.

Main Street in 1800.

Main street in 1800 was a very different looking thoroughfare from what it is today. It was then composed largely of bogs and logs, the latter being placed here and there to prevent travellers from becoming swamped.

There were but few houses; none that are standing now.

Near where Sweetser's block now stands, there were a few tumble-down blacksmith shanties and shoe shops, and a boarding house.

The first decent business block was the "Stone Store" built in 1817, by J. B. Thornton.

During the first years of this century, the upper part of the street was improved by the erection of the Rice, King, Thornton, Cutts, Leland, and Nye houses, and the old First Parish church, which was destroyed by fire in 1861.

Still farther up the street, were the Thornton, Emery, Scamman, Storer, and Jonathan King houses. Several of these are now standing, and are very well preserved.

The dwellers in Saco in 1800, if they could step into Main street now, would see very little to remind them of its former squalor. In regard to length, width, and natural adornments, it is said to be one of the handsomest streets in the state.

—A. H. '91.

The class in commercial arithmetic is made up of particularly brilliant scholars. All of its members are accustomed to add wrong, sometimes subtract wrong, and generally multiply wrong. Examples may be found like the following: "Nine times nine are ninety-nine;" "eight from eleven leaves five." Mills, '92, usually has all of his examples except those he hasn't done, and Place, '92, seldom knows where the *place* is. The large addition of seniors made to the class recently have no morals but a great many brains.

Lord in general history said the natives of Egypt were Macedonians! Also, the Greeks were cultivated among the said Macedonians—like wheat among the tares, we suppose! Finally he compromised and said the Greeks were civilized by those natives of Egypt.

Wouldn't You.

Let us suppose a case. It is the evening of the 24th of December, 1890. You have finished your day's labor, and, with a light heart, in anticipation of the morrow's festivities, you walk rapidly home, the crisp air biting shrewdly, making more desirable the prospective cheerfulness of the home fireside. But halt! Supposing you should forget something! There's the children, you know! Now, if you should get way home, and find that you had forgotten the Christmas candy, wouldn't you feel mean? Any person who can answer this question in the negative should be sent to the Portland Work House for 90 days at least. These reflections are indulged in to call your attention to the fact that Piper & Davis, 181 and 183 Main street, Biddeford, have as tempting a display of confectionery as ever was seen hereabouts.

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D. HILL,

DEALER IN

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Clams Fresh from the Shell Every Day.

Next Door to Saco House.

GEO. F. OWEN.

CLOTHING!

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SLIPPERS!

DOLLS' SHOES,

LADIES' AND MEN'S GAITERS in all sizes and widths.

Everything in Shoe leather and Rubber Goods. Narrow widths a specialty.

FRANK S. MAXCY,

90 MAIN ST., BIDDEFORD.

WE WISH EVERYBODY

And at the same time we wish that all who are in want of

Fancy Ball Orders

—AND—

WEDDING STATIONERY

IN ALL THE DIFFERENT STYLES,

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KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND
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A Velvet Tie,
A Pair of Suspenders,
A Box of E. & W. Collars,
A Box of E. & W. Cuffs,
A Pair of Gloves,
A Fur Cap,
An Eighmie Shirt,
A Night Robe,
Or, best of all,

A Suit, Overcoat, Ulster or Reefer for Father, Son, Husband or Brother, at

McINTYRE'S CASH CLOTHING STORE,

Corner Main and Water Streets,

SACO.